

*SBT-AE-005. The Lake Isle Of Innisfree. William Butler Yeats Poem.
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The Lake Isle Of Innisfree. W B Yeats Poem. Appreciation By P S Remesh Chandran

Editor, Sahyadri Books & Bloom Books, Trivandrum



By [PSRemeshChandra](#), 16th Mar 2011. Short URL

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Poets are accused to be unrealistic day-dreamers who are given to fancy. Day-dreaming and fancying all do and take off, but only a few can safely land also. W B Yeats was a perfect poet who could do both. Not many have expressed fancy in more beautiful words than he did, and fewer still have reminded the world of its duties and responsibilities as effectively. This poem has always been a sensation among the poetry-reading public and is the international song and manifesto of solitude-seekers.

Who will not wish to go to a Lake Island of Innisfree?

01. William Butler Yeats Portrait.

William Butler Yeats was an Irish Poet whose poems are noted for rich musical content. The Lake Isle Of Innisfree also was born out of an exquisite simple tune. Anyone walking through crowded city streets in any country subjecting himself to vehicle fumes, noise and dust and the irritation of rubbing elbows with others in congested and closed quarters, will wish to go to some place he knows where things are calm, quiet and spacious. All will have one such place in his mind. The placid and quiet Lake Isle of Innisfree has become the universal symbol that comes into any poetry reader's mind when thinking



about a place that would soothe his soul. Yeats immortalized the place of his choice through this poem.

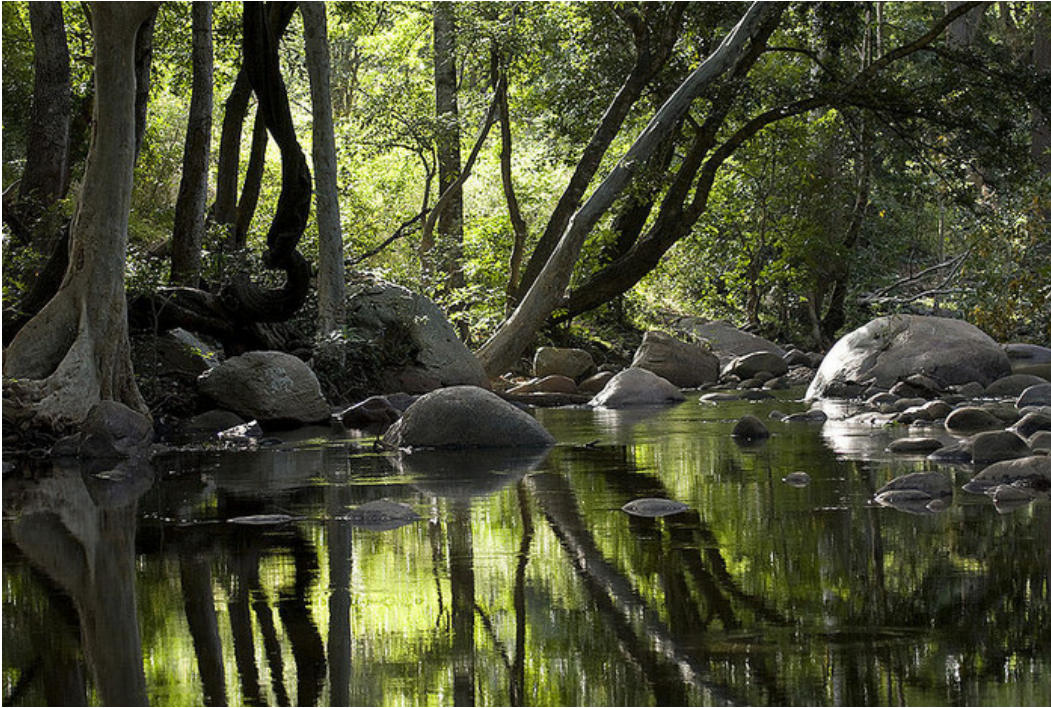
The dream of all poets: a secluded hut in a lonely island.



02. Crowded city streets, the dread of poets.

The poet is lying buried under and entangled in the clutches of a mad city life. It has finally become such unbearable and suffocating for him that if it continues to go on so, he thinks, he will arise and go to Innisfree never to return. Standing in the street, he dreams of the beautiful and quiet Lake Isle of Innisfree and the secluded and self-sufficient life he would have lived there. The usual questions that arise in our mind would be, where he will live on this island, what will he drink and what will he eat.

A small cabin made of clay and wattles in a lonely islet.



03. The roadside dream of all poets.

On arriving there he would build a small cabin, made of clay and wattles available in plenty in any island. The problem of housing is thus solved. For food, he will turn to cultivation of beans, a sustaining, nutritious and easy-to-produce food eaten by hard labourers everywhere. And he will place a bee-hive somewhere in the island and collect honey which is another concentration of compact energy. Who will say honey would be scant in an island of flowers? Thus he will lead a satisfied and self-sufficient life in the island, listening to the humming of bees and lying alone contented in some bee-loud glade. What a contrast would it be to the thick city life in Belfast or London! Seeing how the questions of food and shelter are addressed, we can only hope he would be roaming the island properly dressed too in his revelry, clothed in whatever is available on the island in the form of twigs, leaves and strings.

Ideal peace is a dew-drop falling on the heated head of a cricket.



04. Open fire gives the wattle roof a steaming effect.

In Innisfree, finally the poet will be able to get a little peace. The poet's conception of peace is quite different from that of others, is strange, and lovely. In modern times, peace is an interval between two wars. Then what is peace to this poet? Even his idea of peace is modeled on the usual early morning sights one sees in rustic island life. The crickets in the island have been singing and shrieking all through the night, and are now sitting with heated heads, wishing for a bit of coolness to come from somewhere. It was then that the dews of night and the morning mist condensed into dew drops and a drop of peace from the trees above fell straight into the heated head of that cricket. What a peace- that cricket yelled! The peace that cricket enjoyed then, there, is what peace is to the poet.

Which is more beautiful- morning, noon or night?



05. The mid-lake abode of loneliness and quietness.

How are the morning, noon, evening and midnight in the Lake Isle of Innisfree? The readers of this poem would already have guessed about the freshness and nascence of the dew-filled and misty dawns in that island. The noon would be the most dreary and dull in all places but the noon in Innisfree is as charming and pleasant as the evenings in other places. And the evenings there are exotic, due to the presence of thousands and thousands of beautiful migratory and nestling birds. And doesn't anyone think the nights there would be devoid of similar beauty. The midnights of Innisfree are illuminated by tiny lights of millions of fire-flies. What else is needed to enchant and seduce a poet?

Why the phrase 'purple glow' is used to qualify the noon in Innisfree is a good and commonly asked question. The poet is describing the morning, noon and midnight in Innisfree. The mornings would be cool with dews from trees falling on the heated heads of crickets. The evenings would be full of flapping of birds' wings. The midnights are fire flies-lit. The noon would everywhere else be dull and hot but in Innisfree it is a pleasant purple glow- purple because of the special and ornate position of distinction this ripest time of the day is privileged to enjoy, compared to morning, evening

and midnight. This phrase does not denote anything associated with reddish bluishness but denotes the royalty and dominance of noon over other phases of the day when even animals take a rest and go to fiesta. It has nothing to do with any particular colour associated with noon because noon positively has no colour- literally or figuratively- for it is the brightest and hottest time of day.

All alone in a bee-loud glade: roused by car horns in the middle of a street.



06. Alone in the middle of a bee-loud glade.

Alas! Perhaps a car horn on his very back might have roused him from his daydreams: he is still walking the city streets of London, not reclining in the pleasantness of the lake island. However, he hears in his ears the very sound of lake water lapping gently over the shore. Standing in the roadways and walking the footpaths in that crowded city, he still hears lake water resounding deep in his heart. Yes, he can have his cool revelry and daydreams; that is his privilege. He is entitled to it. We can leave him standing there in the street, thinking about his Paradise Lost, hoping he won't jump into the onrush of traffic in the city, in his delirium.

Unnatural for the poet to recite his poem killing his music.



07. Inspiration for the poem: Lough Gill in Ireland.

This poem, Lake Isle Of Innisfree, was born with an exquisite tune which suited every line, word and syllable in the poem. Gramophone recordings of Yeats himself reciting this poem were made in 1932. Do not anyone think he brought out the original music hidden in this poem in this recording of his- he just read it like reading any piece of prose. It is unnatural for a poet of this magnitude to recite his poem killing his music. This might have been due to two reasons: Perhaps he may have feared the recitation pundits of his times who covered absence of musical skills by showing themselves more on pronunciation and impurities like accents. Or he may have wished his tune to never come out in his times- to be rediscovered only by later generations. This observation by the this writer is made not without taking into account how Yeats, in Chapter XV, Volume III of The Collected Works of W B Yeats- 1916 published by Simon and Schuster, described how he came to write this poem. But still the fact remains- this poem has beautiful inborn music.

Bloom Books Channel has a video of this poem.



08. *The Lake Isle Of Innisfree* Video Title.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=faFK9_Gneug

Bloom Books Channel has a video of this song. A primitive prototype rendering of this song was made in a crude tape recorder decades earlier, in 1984. In 2014, a home made video of this song was released. In 2015, a third version with comparatively better audio was released. The next version, it's hoped, would be fully orchestrated. It's free for reuse, and anyone interested in can develop and build on it, till it becomes a fine musical video production, to help our little learners and their teachers.

You Tube Link: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=faFK9_Gneug

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Meet the author: About the author and accessing his other literary works.



Editor of Sahyadri Books & Bloom Books, Trivandrum. Author of several books in English and in Malayalam. And also author of 'Swan, The Intelligent Picture Book'. Edits and owns Bloom Books Channel. Born and brought up in Nanniyode, a little village in the Sahya Mountain Valley in Kerala. Father British Council-trained English Teacher and mother university-educated. Matriculation with High First Class, Pre Degree studies in Science with National Merit Scholarship, discontinued Diploma Studies in Electronics and entered politics. Unmarried and single.

09. Author Profile of P S Remesh Chandran By Sahyadri Archives.

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Comments



[Rathnashikamani](#)

31st Mar 2011 (<#>)

Great appreciation! I love Yeats for his views on Gitanjali.



[PSRemeshChandra](#)

22nd Jan 2012 (<#>)

Yes Rathnashikamani. They were two great souls, William Butler Yeats and Rabindranath Tagore. It is when reading them that I understand that I am a dwarf.



Anjali

20th Jul 2011 (<#>)

It is fantastic. My hearty congratulations for that person who wrote it. Really good. I never heard of a description like this. The pictures make it more beautiful and attractive.



[PSRemeshChandra](#)

22nd Jan 2012 (<#>)

Great poets speak things in the belief that there would be people coming after them who would explain things. The writer of this article did nothing

except capture in print a few hilarious moments from the past he shared with his dear students. Yeats was a very imaginative person and we have every reason to think that his imagination was bright and colourful. He very much would have wished to include appropriate and fine pictures in his poem which was not possible in his time but possible now. The pictures are homage to this wonderful poet, my way of showing respect to a pair of eyes which captured everything in nature for us.



[PSRemeshChandra](#)

22nd Jan 2012 (#)

Thank you Anjali for going through this article and enjoying Yeats' thoughts and imagination. I assume you are a learner, a diligent one. Take care, your thoughts run far faster than your typing fingers.



Vinu.Omanakuttan

22nd Aug 2011 (#)

A very wonderful poem by W B Yeats.



Kiran

29th Oct 2011 (#)

Very nice.



[PSRemeshChandra](#)

22nd Jan 2012 (#)

Thank you Vinu Omanakkuttan and Kiran for your going through and enjoying Yeats' observations.



[PSRemeshChandra](#)

1st Dec 2011 (#)

It is good to know that this Irish poet W. B .Yeats has admirers the world over. They like not only his poetical style but the theme of his poems also, especially the theme of The Lake Isle Of Innisfree. As the world becomes more and more crowded with buildings and vehicles and peoples and villages become more and more congested and townish, man's desire for seeking isolated spots like Innisfree overwhelms, but alas, there is nowhere to go for many. So this poem provides the experience of spending hours in such a secluded and protected haunt and hence, the popularity of this poem.



Haritha

14th Dec 2011 (<#>)

It's a wonderful poem.... I love Yeats' poems.....



[PSRemeshChandra](#)

16th Apr 2012 (<#>)

The influence of Yeats would be such that you would soon be writing poems of this kind. Hope Dear Haritha would be publishing her poems here in Wikinut. Your loving of Yeats is wonderful taste. Thank you.



HARITHA HARIKUMAR

25th Jul 2012 (<#>)

Nice poem and nostalgic poem. I like it. Thank U.



Marva

3rd Jan 2012 (<#>)

Thanx. I have got this poem 2 study in +1....So useful...Pics superb...



[PSRemeshChandra](#)

16th Apr 2012 (<#>)

Let your course of study be a grand success dear Marva. I am happy to know that the article was useful to a young learner like you, and so, has served its purpose. Thank you Marva. Let all good poets go with you all through your good life.



Sreya
30th Jul 2013 (<#>)

Yeah dude. Me too.



BLESSON PINHEIRO
9th Jan 2012 (<#>)

I love Yeats' poem. It makes us feel the beauty of nature.



[PSRemeshChandra](#)
16th Apr 2012 (<#>)

It is like we going inside a riverside jungle, lying under a tree propping out on our backs, listening to the voices of birds chirping nearby and the gentle murmur of the river flowing away. He who can have this experience everyday is lucky. Thank you Dear Blesson Pinheiro.



BINDUHARI & NANDU
28th Jul 2012 (<#>)

Very nice and super.



Bindhu hari
28th Jul 2012 (<#>)

I like it- Poem & W B Yeats.



[PSRemeshChandra](#)

3rd Aug 2012 (<#>)

When we read this poem, it's like we went to a jungle river, had a bathe and are resting in the shade, happy about our day. Thanks Bindu Hari for sharing your feeling.



NANDHU HARI

28th Jul 2012 (<#>)

Super Poem And Very Good Niceeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee.



[PSRemeshChandra](#)

3rd Aug 2012 (<#>)

Try to sing it, and once you become able to sing it as easily as the poet might have done, your appreciation and enjoyment of this poem would become complete, which no academic studies can substitute with anything known.



Hisham

28th Jul 2012 (<#>)

What a super poem, nice and beautiful!



[PSRemeshChandra](#)

3rd Aug 2012 (<#>)

It was the setting of nature at that particular time and place that was super, the feelings of enjoying which moment the poet tries to convey to us, in which attempt he succeeds brilliantly. We can feel the wind and water blowing and flowing through us. That is the triumph of this poet. Thank you Hisham for reading.



Liya

13th Aug 2012 (#)

Beautiful and very useful in learning the poem & the poem is marvelous ...I too wish to see a place like Lake Isle of Innisfree.



[PSRemeshChandra](#)

14th Aug 2012 (#)

See what the poet writes towards the end of the poem. He has lost a beautiful and solacing scene for ever and is now walking the busy and crowded city streets of London or Dublin. But in his mind's eye he can still see the island and still hear the waves gently lapping over the shore there. We can at least imagine and see things in our mind's eye too. Beauty spots like this are common in all lands. And not all people will have opportunities to go visiting such places. I hope the pictures are a substitute, and remind how those places would look like. Thank you Liya, for appreciating the original poem and this article about the poem.



SREELAKSHMI

4th Mar 2013 (#)

Thank you sir for giving such a marvellous review for the poem...Your description will definitely help all readers to reach the great and fascinating depth of the poem....Thanks a lot.....



[PSRemeshChandra](#)

25th Apr 2013 (#)

It is actually the poem The Lake Isle Of Innisfree by W B Yeats that is marvellous and having a great fascinating depth. The review here is, as I know, a weak attempt to relive the joys of reading and singing this poem. It is relishing knowing that this review satisfied you a little. Thank you, Sree Lakshmi.



Reshma
13th Jun 2013 (#)

Was of great help. Beautiful pics and perfect explanation. Thank you.



Mithun
11th Jul 2013 (#)

Perfect! Can't be better than this..... .. U are truly a talented writer...



HARSHA
18th Jul 2013 (#)

Can u plz clear me what the 'purple glow' means?



[PSRemeshChandra](#)
17th Apr 2014

Why the phrase 'purple glow' is used to qualify the noon in Innisfree is a good and commonly asked question. The poet is describing the morning, noon and midnight in Innisfree. The mornings would be cool with dews from trees falling on the heated heads of crickets. The evenings would be full of flapping of birds' wings. The midnights are fire flies-lit. The noon would everywhere else be dull and hot but in Innisfree it is a pleasant purple glow- purple because of the special and ornate position of distinction this ripest time of the day is privileged to enjoy, compared to morning, evening and midnight. This phrase does not denote anything associated with reddish bluishness but denotes the royalty and dominance of noon over other phases of the day when even animals take a rest and go to fiesta. It has nothing to do with any particular colour associated with noon because noon positively has no colour- literally or figuratively- for it is the brightest and hottest time of day.



Sini
30th Jul 2013 (#)

The poem "the Lake Isle of Innisfree" written by W. B. Yeats is a nice poem. The imagination made by Yeats is very fantastic. I really wonder by reading it. The thoughts made by the poet are really appreciable. Really the poet made an attempt to the readers to think and imagine the situations that he made in the poem deeply. Reading his poem wonders me. I am very lucky.



RESHMA

30th Jul 2013 (<#>)

The poem "the Lake Isle of Innisfree" written by W. B. Yeats- is a wonderful poem. I am thanking you for this poem. Thank you. Thanks a lot.



Greeshma Girish

25th Aug 2013 (<#>)

The poem "The Lake Isle Of Innisfree" is a beautiful poem which makes the reader dream such a scenic beauty of the nature.



Alida ashok

28th Aug 2013 (<#>)

I love it. So nice.



[PSRemeshChandra](#)

17th Apr 2014 (<#>)

Thank you Reshma, Mithun, Harsha, Sini, Greeshma Girish and dear Alida Ashok for going through the original poems and its appreciation here and for your comments. I am glad that you found the poem interesting, beautiful and useful.

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